

ETRENNES

Du GARÇON qui porte la GAZETTE de QUEBEC AUX PRATIQUES;
1er. Janvier, 1804.

GRANDES VERITES!

AIR: *Aussitôt que la lumière.*

OH! le bon siècle mes frères,
Que le siècle où nous vivons !
On ne craint plus les écrivains
Pour quelques opinions !
Libre, ma foi, et sans gêne
Je déchire le rideau :
Coules mes vers de ma veine ;
Peuple voici du nouveau !!!

La chandelle nous éclaire,
Le grand froid nous rafraîchit.
L'eau fraîche nous désaltère,
On dort bien dans son lit.
Le froid commence en Septembre;
En Juin viennent les chaleurs ;
Et quand je suis dans ma chambre,
Je ne suis jamais ailleurs.

Le plus sot n'est qu'une bête;
Le plus sage est le plus fou.
Les pieds sont loin de la tête ;
La tête est bien près du cou.
Quand on boit trop on s'enivre;
La sauce fait le poisson ;
Un pain de trois livres
Pèse plus qu'un quarteron.

Romulus a fondé Rome.
On se mouille quand il pleut.
Caton fut un honnête homme,
Ne s'enrichit pas qui veut !!
Je n'aime pas la moutarde
Qu'on serve après dîné.
Parlez moi d'une camarade
Pour avoir un petit né.

Quand un malade a la fièvre,
Il ne se porte pas bien.
Qui veut courir plus d'un lievre,
A coup sûr, n'attrape rien.
Soufflez sur votre potage,
Bientôt il refroidira ;
Enfermez votre frommage
Ou le chat le mangera.

Les chemises ont des manches.
Tout coquin n'est pas pendu.
Tout le monde court aux branches
Lorsque l'arbre est abattu.
Qui croit tout est trop crédule,
En mesure il faut d'aller.
Une écrivisse recule
Toujours, au lieu d'avancer.

Le bon sens vaut tous les livres,
La sagesse est un trésor.
Trente francs font trente livres,
Du papier n'est pas de l'or.
Par maint babillard qui beugle
Le sourd n'est pas étourdi.
Il n'est rien tel qu'un aveugle,
Pour n'y voir goutte à midi.

Ne nous faites pas un crime
De ces couplets sans façon ;
On y trouve de la rime
Au défaut de la raison.
Dans ce siècle de lumières,
De talents et de vertus,
Heureux qui ne parle guères
Et qui n'en pense pas plus.

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The Census for 1900 is given in the following table:

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1945

1. The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the history of the English language from its earliest beginnings to the present day. It deals with the various dialects which have sprung from the old Saxon stock, and traces their development through the Middle Ages to the modern forms of English as spoken in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

2. The second part of the book is devoted to a detailed examination of the grammar of the English language. It treats of the parts of speech, the construction of sentences, and the various figures of speech which are employed in English composition. This part of the book is illustrated by numerous examples drawn from the best authors of the English language.

3. The third part of the book is devoted to a discussion of the style and diction of the English language. It examines the principles which govern the choice of words and the arrangement of sentences, and shows how these principles may be applied in the composition of English prose and verse. This part of the book is also illustrated by examples from the works of great English writers.

4. The fourth part of the book is devoted to a consideration of the influence of foreign languages upon the English language. It discusses the extent to which Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, and other foreign languages have contributed to the vocabulary and syntax of English, and shows how these influences have shaped the modern form of the language.

5. The fifth part of the book is devoted to a study of the English language as it is used in literature. It examines the characteristics of English literary style, and discusses the various methods which have been employed by English writers to achieve excellence in their art. This part of the book is illustrated by references to the works of such famous English authors as Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth.

(The following are some of the most common phrases used by the natives.)

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no. 2.

The News-boy's NEW YEAR'S GIFT to his
Customers; 1st January, 1804.

THE humble News boy at your Door
Presents this GIFT, 'tis all his store :
He gives it with good will though poor,
The Sons of Wealth can give no more.

And could his wish but bless impart,
A fairer wish than e'er Poet sung
Were your's; e'en now it swells his heart
Though yet it falters on his tongue.

Oft he has trod his weekly round,
The cold blast beating on his brow :
If e're his toil have favour found,
He hopes you will shew it now.

Thus shall he feel the joys that greet
This new-born firstling of the year ;
And thus, again his nimble feet
Shall meet their task with wonted cheet.

Mayhap when yet the hour shall come
To mark the mad invaders fall,
He'll bear the tidings to your home
And taste the joy he gives to all.